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SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1902.

CIRCULATION DURING JUNE.

Charles W. Knapp, General Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the Daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of June, 1902, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date.	Copies.	Date.	Copies.
1 Sunday	120,370	16	114,970
2	114,310	17	114,780
3	115,020	18	115,260
4	116,140	19	114,820
5	115,330	20	116,140
6	115,590	21	116,740
7	115,510	22 Sunday	120,920
8 Sunday	120,630	23	114,900
9	114,540	24	115,470
10	116,410	25	116,550
11	115,400	26	115,220
12	115,520	27	114,360
13	114,960	28	118,100
14	115,430	29 Sunday	121,810
15 Sunday	121,500	30	114,670

Total for the month	3,491,370
Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed	84,318
Net number distributed	3,407,052
Average daily distribution	113,568

And said Charles W. Knapp further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of June was 10.25 per cent.

CHARLES W. KNAPP.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of June, 1902.

J. F. FARISH,
Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo.
My term expires April 26, 1905.

☞The St. Louis carrier force of The Republic deliver more than 54,000 copies every day. This is nearly four times as many as any other morning newspaper delivery in St. Louis and more than twice as many as any morning or evening delivery.

WORLD'S—1904—FAIR.

PROFESSOR FLOOD'S SINGING.

When Professor Flood, teacher of music, sang his way to freedom in Judge Sidener's court the other day he furnished additional proof of the potency of sweet sounds to soothe not only the savage breast, but the cold front of the law itself, bringing it to a tender appreciation of the quality of mercy.

But the professor of harmony proved even more than this. Asked by the court to "favor the company" with a song, he was wise enough to choose genuine songs. He lifted his tenor voice in the ever ravishing strains of "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," and, for an encore, gave "Then You'll Remember Me." The shackles were struck from him, figuratively speaking, with the dying away of the last melodious note of that almost perfect song.

Now, suppose that Professor Flood, for his liberation's sake, had chosen to bring down upon his hearers the awful storm of the "Gotterdamerung" or the "Nibelungenlied"—say with a weird shout or two from the tempest-tossed "Flying Dutchman" and a hot finish of the Brunhilde Call as the final shriek of his repertoire. What would have happened to Professor Flood? Would he have been freed then and there? No—the law would have had a real offender in its grasp, and Judge Sidener would have made sure that the punishment fit the crime.

HUCK FINN AND HIS TEACHING.

In addition to its commendable significance of appreciation of the work of a native Missouri writer, the "Huck Finn Club" of Columbia may rightly be regarded as a beneficent sort of organization, in that it tends to promote a knowledge of how to live in the open.

The members of the club, we are told, are required to be ardent lovers of nature. They must know how to pitch a tent, how to choose the best available site for camping, how to cook over an open fire. And they must be ready, at short notice, to spend a day or a week in the woods.

These qualifications are insisted upon in addition to a familiar knowledge of Mark Twain's story of Huckleberry Finn and an ability to quote its quaint phrases on occasion.

To become eligible for membership in the Huck Finn Club, therefore, a young man or young woman of Columbia must be quite healthily accomplished in the arts of the healthiest and most natural mode of living.

Good for the Huck Finn Club! Humanity is refreshed and ennobled every time it goes back to nature's heart in the life primitive. The club just organized in Missouri's university town deserves to be classed as a worthy feature of that town's educational advantages.

WORTH HONORING.

A son of President Roosevelt has been attending school in Groton. He received a prize at the annual commencement exercises. The bestowing thereof has aroused much comment, the boy being considered lucky to have secured the memento and the faculty being accused of partiality for the son of the President.

All because it was the first time that such a prize had been awarded. It was a testimonial to the fact that young Roosevelt had been punctual throughout the school year—more punctual than any of his fellow-students.

Without discussing the motives of the faculty in giving this prize, there is good reason to hope that other schools will follow the excellent example of rewarding punctuality. The boy who is always "on time" is the boy who will win despite other failings. The business concerns are looking for young men who are punctual.

Punctuality in a boy signifies something more than being present when expected. No slouch can be depended upon to be punctual. Usually the boy who makes a point of not being late at any engagement is neat in appearance, truthful and industrious.

Yet there are men in every community who think that the lack of punctuality is natural. They expect a consideration totally out of proportion to their fault in failing to observe the hour. Men who would not think of stealing money will steal valuable time by delaying appointments. Without punctuality, they cannot claim immunity from a form of theft which is as exasperating as it is inexcusable.

If the President's son is punctual, he deserves a reward. This quality will cover a multitude of lesser faults. In after life, he can be counted an integer in affairs while others fall behind. The school which inculcates promptness is doing good. If the Groton Institution has emphasized the importance of the quality its work is not in vain.

AN HONORABLE STAND.

Reports from China indicate that the foreign Powers are again compelled to contrast their own selfishness with the generosity of the United States in dealing with the Chinese Government. Unless the allies who captured Pekin and exacted indemnity for the outrages accept the position which has been taken by this country their attitude will only be another proof of the moral strength of the United States.

Owing to the different rates of exchange prevailing at the time the protocol was signed and those now prevailing, the Chinese Government is sorely pressed to meet the obligations imposed by the agreement of April 1, 1901. The Taotai of Shanghai has notified the bankers' commission having charge of the disbursement of the indemnity that the old rates of exchange will be used by China in paying the installment due this month.

When China first asked this favor of the Powers the United States Government was the first to accept. In doing so our Government explained that there should be mercy toward the weak nation. Other Governments having demurred and, to this date, refused to join with this country in lending a helping hand to the Chinese.

Small wonder that China regards the United States as its best friend. During the Boxer troubles the soldiers and diplomats from this country showed plainly that only justice was demanded. The indemnity named by our Minister was sufficient to cover only actual losses. The property of the Chinese Government was protected by American soldiers. In the present instance the Government has shown that it does not wish to make money out of the increased value of the indemnity owing to a fluctuating rate of exchange.

An appreciation of this attitude of the United States should do much to help American trade in the far East. With the opening of the isthmian canal and the increased facilities of the transcontinental railway lines the exchange of commodities between China and the United States should multiply. The unselfish diplomacy of this country should prove the best policy, from the viewpoint of both the moralist and the merchant.

REGINALD'S LESSON.

It is customary for the orators who present the diplomas to the graduates of the colleges and universities to draw lessons regarding the future. Usually the successful graduate is reminded that his work has just begun and that in truth, as well as in name, the exercises mark the commencement of life.

Every year notable expressions made by men distinguished in different callings receive the attention of the observant public. Charles M. Schwab attracted notice when he pleaded for a more sensible appreciation of a university training, emphasizing his belief by presenting one deserving student with $1,000 to pursue his researches.

Of all the notable addresses, none is so encouraging to the poor boy of America as the mute warning issued by the faculty of Yale University when it refused a diploma to young Reginald Vanderbilt because he had been delinquent in two of his studies. Though the class prophet had jested with Reginald's prosperity and assured success, on the assumption that the Vanderbilt millions were invincible, the faculty decreed otherwise. When the list of graduates was published, his name did not appear.

If money could have secured a diploma for young Vanderbilt there is no doubt that he would have received a sheepskin with his fellow-students. His little "flyer" at Canfield's demonstrated that he has plenty of this world's goods at his immediate disposal. He is neither better nor worse than many of his boon companions.

The fact remained that he did not pass his examinations. He has suffered a disappointment which should be his making. It is reported that he will spend the summer studying for the fall tests, hoping at that time to make up all delinquencies. He will try the efficacy of study instead of supposed family prestige. If this course is pursued with diligence, he should be reasonably certain of his diploma.

Diplomas are not the rich man's plaything. To the poor boy especially the testimony of his teachers regarding the years spent in school is worth the struggle. The skill gained in training is the weapon which he uses in competition with those already equipped with material wealth. It is an advantage which means much to the youth of ambition and poverty. Mere riches cannot buy an education—only studious application, a thing within the reach of all, can secure the coveted possession.

EFFICIENCY REQUIRED.

Has the day of big guns passed? According to a report recently issued by the British Government the navy practice for 1901 justifies the assertion that the limit of effectiveness has been reached in the construction of great cannon as far as size is concerned.

In classifying the gun tests, the naval board considered the 16-inch and the 13.5-inch guns as of the same caliber. The mean hits per gun per minute were one in six, or a trifle better than the mean for the two preceding years. Reduction in caliber was invariably followed by increased accuracy.

Of all the large guns which were tested, the best record was made by those of 8-inch and 9.2-inch caliber, their record being 41 per cent of hits per minute. The naval experts generally agree that guns of this size are the best for practical warfare. The new German battleships will carry no weapons heavier than those of 9.5 caliber. Though the weight of the projectile is a great deal less than that from a 12-inch gun, experts rightly assert that it is of more value to cut holes through armor than through the air, the greater accuracy of the smaller guns being a consideration which cannot be ignored.

In the battle of Santiago, the 12-inch guns did little damage to the Spanish vessels. Theoretically, the 12-inch guns should have done most of the execution, but, practically, the 7-inch guns of the Brooklyn and even smaller weapons on other vessels riddled Cervera's ships. Smaller guns cannot smash with the power of the larger cannon, but their greater facility of handling permits an accuracy which overcomes the disparity in weight.

With lighter guns, a larger number can be placed on a ship. It is far better to dismantle a ship than to pierce the armor, as modern battles are not fought at close enough range to permit the heavy guns to do their most effective damage. If ships could be anchored alongside one another, the 16-inch gun might be considered about the most dangerous weapon known to warfare. Such conditions are rare. The smaller guns are the more serviceable and, as utility is the final test, it is probable that they will displace the weapons of great caliber.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATES IN TRADE.

There is a notable significance in the fact that mercantile life heads the list of vocations chosen by the members of the graduating class at Harvard University this year, the Boston Herald taking rightful occasion to comment upon this fact in its bearing upon American conditions of the present day.

The time was when the university man was very rare in the world of trade. The vast majority of graduates made choice of the learned professions, law, medicine and divinity, and it was but seldom that any went voluntarily into business life.

Indeed, there was a sort of apprehensive feeling to the effect that, unless a man contemplated entering the professions, he would do wisely to keep away from the universities. Also, there was the counter-theory that a university education was wasted on the mere tradesman.

Now, however, with mercantile life making a greater intellectual demand upon its followers, and with the leading universities indulging in more practical teaching, the situation is notably changed for the better. The young business man is the more completely equipped by reason of his college training. The university that best trains young men for business as well as for the learned professions is the better university.

Recognition of these truths is being offered in such spectacles as that presented by the Harvard graduating class of 1902, the majority of whose members now enter business life.

A Chicago professor of literature says that Mary Maclane is the real thing and that it took the Great West and solitude to produce the genius. Solitude, perhaps, but not the Great West. Mary could not have been produced in any spot where knowledge abounded, East or West. With a clever use of words not unusual in these days of high schools and shoals of books, she has written out an ignorant and foolish little heart. When Mary reaches the charming age of 30 she will wonder how she could have been so raw.

St. Louis's fearlessness in exposing the facts of municipal corruption in order to apply the necessary remedy has set a good example which is being followed elsewhere. Under a Democratic administration this city promises to be a shining light for the guidance of other American municipalities.

Evidently, this David N. Barrie who threatens sensational disclosures against Sir Tom Lipton if his claim of $11,515 is not settled, proposes to show that Lipton's contests for the America's Cup were partly intended to advertise Lipton's business. But what would be new in such a disclosure?

RECENT COMMENT.

Physical Culture and Beauty.

July Outing.

The universally increasing attention now being given, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries, to out-of-door sports and to physical culture is a sign of the best omen. No class can have a greater solicitude for the furtherance of this movement than the artists, for they cannot create beautiful forms without having beautiful forms around them from which to draw inspiration. The art of a nation is but the mirror of that nation's ideals, and faithfully reflects their slightest change. This new conception of the value of athletics will add dignity, interest and standing, making it a factor second to none in the development of our civilization.

Envied by Rockefeller.

New York Times.

When Mr. William Rockefeller had appendicitis Doctor McBirney was called in to perform the necessary operation.

After his recovery, Mr. Rockefeller received the doctor's bill in due course, and, drawing a check, went to pay the account in person. In the conversation which followed appendicitis was naturally their main theme.

"You told me," said Mr. Rockefeller, "while I was sick, doctor, that everybody in the world had a vermiform appendix."

"With a few exceptions I believe that to be the case," answered the doctor.

"And that sooner or later," pursued the oil magnate, "every one would have to be operated on, either to cure or prevent the disease."

"That is the generally recognized opinion among the medical fraternity," was the answer.

"Well," said Mr. Rockefeller, rising, "if you will pardon my saying so, it seems to me that you have a better thing of it than has the Standard Oil Company."

Frohman Not Afraid of Shakespeare.

Cosmopolitan.

When Maude Adams was shifted from "The Little Minister" to "Romeo and Juliet," some people thought the transfer rather abrupt, and a trifle daring. Miss Adams felt a little trepidation herself. Not so with Mr. Frohman. To him Shakespeare was simply a play-writer like Clyde Fitch, with the advantage that he did not harass the box office for royalties. When he went to rehearsal one day, he found signs of nervousness pervading the company. "What's the matter?" he asked, in his explosive way. It was Shakespeare, the players replied. Pretty serious affair, you know—great name, great play, traditions of the stage, memories of mighty shades in the minds of the critics, rhythm of blank verse to be observed, and all that.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Frohman. "Who's Shakespeare? He was just a man. He won't hurt you. I don't see any Shakespeare. Just imagine you're looking at a soldier home from the Cuban war, making love to a giggling schoolgirl on a balcony. That's all I see, and that's the way I want it played."

World's Fast Railroad Trains.

Washington Letter.

The fastest long-distance train is the Sud express between Paris and Bayonne, France, which runs 486 miles in nine hours, at the rate of 54.13 miles an hour. The Empire State express on the New York Central runs 440 miles from New York to Buffalo in eight hours and a quarter, which is at the rate of 53.33 miles an hour. The Flying Scotchman from London to Glasgow runs 401 miles at the rate of 50.18 miles an hour. The Twentieth Century limited on the New York Central and Lake Shore makes 999 miles between New York and Chicago in twenty hours, at the rate of 49 miles an hour. These are the fastest long-distance trains in the world, although several short-distance trains in Europe make a higher speed. The fastest train in the world except those between Philadelphia and Atlantic City runs between Paris and Arras, 120 miles, and attains an average speed of 61.66 miles an hour. The fastest trains on the English roads make 56 miles an hour for a distance of 133 miles. There are eleven trains in Europe making more than 54 miles an hour, but in no case is the distance greater than 150 miles, and all of them run by daylight.

The Pluck of King Edward.

Richard Harding Davis in Collier's Weekly.

"Of all the soldiers the King has decorated within the last three years of the war for bravery in the face of the enemy, none deserves the Cross for Valor more than himself, who grimly and silently faced disease and death, unarmed and without a comrade.

"For now that the whole dramatic, pitiful story is out, England learns—now that it is too late—of the days of gnawing pain when her King forced himself to smile and bow at court, to watch a horse race, to review a regiment, to drive through London with an assured and cheerful countenance. It is not pleasant to think of the torture of those days, of the mental anxiety as well as the bodily torment, when the King kept on his feet against the protests of his physicians, when his endurance was tested by hours of unceasing pain—pain so great that it is not decent to disclose it. Nor is it pleasant to remember that last drive through the park to Buckingham Palace, when the people for some reason failed to cheer him heartily, while all the time he sat erect, pale and with set teeth, holding himself upright only by his will, and that they might be gratified.

AUTHOR OF "DIXIE" IS GROWING FEEBLE.

Daniel Decatur Emmett, Famous as a Minstrel in His Day, Is Passing the Closing Years of a Long Life at Mount Vernon, Where He Owns a Comfortable Home.

SAYS HE IS NOW WAITING FOR THE LAST CURTAIN.

Mount Vernon, O., July 5.—In a little frame house that is hardly more than a hut, just over Cemetery Hill, a mile north, Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author of the famous song, "Dixie," is spending the closing years of a long life. The aged minstrel's wants are few, his tastes are simple, and he looks upon his little home as a palace. The diminutive house stands in the center of an acre plot of ground. It faces the east, and the "front yard" slopes gently but unevenly down to the dusty north and south road, over which the stage coaches made regular trips between Mount Vernon and Mansfield when Uncle Dan was a boy.

The house has but three rooms; a living-room, a bedroom and a kitchen—and then there's an attic which Mr. Emmett calls the "office." The furniture is of the simplest kind. Most of it is old-fashioned, but it is dear to Uncle Dan's heart, although his wife, who is his second, and much younger than he, would prefer something more pretentious. The furnishings, too, are antiquated, and the walls are well nigh bare; but the cottage is not untidy, and within has an air of homely comfort. Chickens wander at will about the yard, and through the kitchen and living-room. They are not allowed to invade the bedroom. The cat and the dog, animals treated right royally by neighbors and visitors, for the sake of their master, live on terms of amity and equality.

Uncle Dan Is Happy.

In winter Uncle Dan's domicile looks bleak and uninviting. In summer it stands unshaded from the glare of the sun. It is only in the spring and fall that the surroundings have the appearance of comfort. But Uncle Dan is supremely happy in this humble home.

"I've roamed a great deal," said he, "and I've made lots of money and spent it. I ought to have taken care of it, and maybe now" (with a droll twist of the mouth and a wink), "I'd be a trust magnate. But really I love my little home, and the only bar to my happiness is that sometimes I hear the distant barking of the old wolf that terrifies old age; and then, too, people think and say that I ought sometimes to dress up."

"Dressing up" is really about the only thing that Daniel Emmett dreads. A few years ago a noted minstrel manager, Al G. Field, who was about to tour the South, offered Uncle Dan an engagement. The old minstrel was to ride in a carriage in the parade. He was to wear a dress suit of evenings, and appear on the stage after the first part and be introduced as the author of "Dixie." All the remainder of the day was to be his, with money to spend in moderate sums, his salary to be paid him at the end of his tour.

Uncle Dan accepted the engagement, and in his fine clothes carried himself as the gentleman that he always is, no matter what his dress; but when he came home at the end of the season with a fairly snug sum of money in his pocket, he very promptly discarded all the tailor-made clothing with which he had been provided and returned to the "hand-me-downs" he had previously worn. And had it not been that household expenses consumed his funds and left him without money to replenish his wardrobe, these good clothes had probably been hanging in his narrow "clothes press" to-day.

No More Real Minstrels.

Uncle Dan declares that the minstrels of to-day do not put any real life into their ballad singing, and that the negro skits introduced after the olio are tiresome.

"Back in my day," he said, "we went at it to be as near like the plantation negro as we could, and when we sang ballads we put sentiment and feeling into them." Uncle Dan admitted that some of the features of a modern minstrel performance were pretty and clever, but insisted that the shows do not now merit the title of minstrels. They are, he declares, nothing but a refined imitation of the old "variety" shows.

Mr. Emmett's last appearance on the stage was made two winters ago, when the local Elks gave a minstrel performance, and Dan agreed to be present and sing "Dixie," his favorite composition. The Opera-house was packed from orchestra to ceiling. The performance proceeded with great success until the cue for Uncle Dan's appearance was given. As he walked out upon the stage, straw hat in hand, and bowing at every step, the performers and audience arose, and a mighty shout went up. As the applause died away the orchestra played the opening bars of "Dixie," and then began again, but Uncle Dan was silent. Again the leader of the orchestra started the world-known tune, but the writer of it did not respond.

DAN EMMETT,
Who composed "Dixie."

His Last Appearance.

He stood with bowed head and eyes cast down, as if unconscious of his surroundings. The interlocutor, himself a vocalist of no mean ability, began to sing the words of "Dixie," and was joined by others on the stage and in the audience. Suddenly Uncle Dan seemed to awake. He raised his head, threw up the hand in which he held his hat, stamped upon the stage, and burst into song. The others ceased to sing, and Uncle Dan went on through the entire song with great gusto. His voice rang out on the lower notes, but trembled and broke on the higher.

"That's the way that 'Dixie' should be played," said Mr. Emmett.

"Uncle Dan," as he delights to be called, is now growing feeble. He does not go about as much as formerly, but, when he does, he still scorns a vehicle, and goes afoot. He delights to sit in the shade of his little house, smoking a short, black pipe, while he chats with his callers, talks to the dog or cat, or gazes thoughtfully into the East, where, as the sun goes down behind the hills beyond the Kokosing Valley, the shadows lengthen until they touch the tombstones and monuments in the pretty cemetery nearby, where the old minstrel hopes finally to rest.

Only a Spark.

"It is strange," said the forgetful papa, "that our gas bill is smaller than it has ever been during the month, yet our daughter Mary has had her young man in the parlor every night.

Teacher: "Give an example of modern language."

Pupil: "Golf."

Her Last Resort.

"And does your dolly close its eyes?" said the minister visiting at the house of a parishioner.

"No, sir," replied the little thing; "but I'm going to take her to church some day and see if she will. Papa says nearly everybody goes to sleep there!"—Yonkers Statesman.

FROM THE GREAT POETS.

A MATCH.

BY SWINBURNE.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of George, third Earl of Ashburnham, was born in London, April 5, 1837. He attended Oxford, but did not take a degree. He is deeply versed in ancient Greek and modern literature. He has written dramas, poems and essays. "Poems and Ballads," printed in 1866, was so severely censured that it was withdrawn from circulation. Swinburne is unrivaled in sweet, smooth and musical versification. A republican for the greater part of his life, once even urging the assassination of the Czar of Russia, he is now apparently reconciled to imperialism.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

A. C. Swinburne

SOME SEA SPORTS FOR THE STAGE FOLK.

BY WILLIAM H. CRANE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Some folks say that long ago, before we were monkeys and kangaroos, we were fishes. If such be the history of our race, I can readily understand why, whenever I see blue water, I want to get on it, if not in it, and oftentimes I do get "in it" when I am on it. People say I'm a yachtsman and, of course, when I am accused of the offense, I draw myself proudly up and plead guilty. But that's only make-believe. I'm simply an amateur Jack tar and would-be fisherman.

This is not intended for publication, because it would hurt the feelings of that immortal organization, the Cohasset Navy, of which I am Commodore, and, bless your heart, I would not do that for all the world. They are good fellows, every one of them. They know even less about yachts than I do, and they and I have a mutual understanding that, so far as the public is concerned, we have been, are, and are to be, nautical sharps of the first water.

Have I had much experience of the sea? Now you touch me upon my weak spot. From earliest childhood, the tendrils of my being have clung around Father Neptune. I'm not quite sure about that metaphor, but still, we'll let that pass. When a child, I have been told, I cried at the sight of the sea. It is true that I cried at the sight of everything else, but the latter does not militate against the former fact. When a small boy, I sailed ships in armadas upon the bosom of the deep. The ships were made out of laths and shingles. They cost hours of hard labor to fashion and equip, and when they once proudly breasted the waves with their sails swelling in the wind (the sails, by the way, were made, I believe, from the leaves of my copybook—the paper was a little stiffer and stronger than the leaves of any book in the family library, besides this, my people had to me an inexplicable aversion to my using their books for the purpose), when my armada breasted the waves, as I was saying, I was the proudest youth on earth.

As I grew larger I learned to handle an oar and to sail a catboat. I believe I once won a race. If I didn't I tried to, and made believe I had, which is the same thing. In my manhood I have owned a number of boats of various kinds, shapes and sizes, and have, in fact, gotten into the boat habit.

The first large boat I owned was a tidy schooner called the Vif. I thought this was a very pretty name, but changed my mind when I found that my friends and neighbors cut off the first letter. There is no fun in commanding a craft which is a perpetual "if."

It was a good boat, however, and while it wasn't extraordinary fast—it would sail two or three miles an hour—it could defy the storms and squalls that every now and then kick up the waters around Cape Cod. It was a safe boat, and, above all things, it was conducive to sleep.

When I got tired of the name I got a racing sloop. I had lots of fun. I raced everything. Steamships, steam yachts, fishing smacks, cutboats, coal schooners and lime barges have one and all met me in the lists of Neptune and Amphitrite. In a good, stiff breeze I could beat many steamers, more especially the slow ones, that run from New York to Portland, or from Boston along the coast. As for the Boston excursion steamers, I could sail all around them.

But racing is hard work. You have to hoist sail, pull ropes and turn your wheel, and bawl at your men and do everything to make life uncomfortable. Why, in a busy season, you are liable to get callouses all over your hands and a complexion like the sunset on the Desert of Sahara. So I promoted myself into the next class and got a fifty-foot steam launch. Now, that is something like comfort.

Put a good steersman in the bow to take care of the thing and a reliable engineer, and it is the very idealization of all yachting. The wind may come and the wind may go, but it does not interfere with your time table. There are no booms to strike you on the head unawares when your boat goes about, and there is no need for calculating when to make your port and starboard tacks.

Then there is lots of room on board. You can have an icebox, a larder and a pantry, well-cushioned settees to lie off on and camp stools on which you can perch and balance, and, if necessary, fall overboard. For pure, downright comfort, give me a steam launch, and, oh, isn't it popular? You are pretty safe in inviting people to go on a racing yacht. Very few of them ever go twice. After they have been seasick, knocked overboard by booms, tripped by a sheet or halyard and made generally miserable they thank you, vowing that they have had the best time of their lives, but they never come back.

On the contrary, they become deadly foes to that yacht ever afterwards. They make it their duty to go around and warn people against it. They describe it as the most dangerous, painful, sickness producing, back breaking, limb smashing, catamaran that ever came down the coast.

But it isn't so with the steam launch. Every man who comes once wants to come again and bring everybody with him. Why, my boat got so popular that inside of a moon every camp stool had a sitter. At the end of two months the camp stools and settees were packed like sardines in a box, and at the end of three months the craft used to look, I am told, like a convention hall where there were nine candidates, each with his own crowd and brass band. Twice I had so many on board that when were struck a chop sea and they felt tired they could only lie down by piling themselves in layers like cord wood.

A yacht, however, is good for anything and everything. It is good for health, for the appetite, for the muscles. It is good for your powers of expression if, as is generally the case, you have three or four sailors who are both deaf and stupid.

Under the yachting code we are obliged to announce that in fishing we never catch less than ten per hour per angler. That is our limit. In other yacht clubs they have larger limits, but never you mind what the limit is in fishing from a yacht, the average is invariably one minnow or shiner for every dozen lines employed.

For the brain worker of any sort it is as good as a sanitarium with a playground attached.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY IN ST. LOUIS.

From The Republic, July 7, 1877.

Two little boys bathed in the fountain on Courthouse square, and attracted a crowd. They were told by a policeman what an awful thing it was for little boys to bathe in public.

St. Louis citizens, traveling in the West, between Cheyenne and Deadwood, Colo., ran into a stage coach which had been held up by masked robbers. Jesse James was supposed to have been in that locality, and travel was considered dangerous.

The Theater Comique's summer season opened. A great crowd visited the Zoological Gardens, where a big monkey and a bear, newly arrived, were among the special attractions.

Mayor Overstolz returned from a trip to the East, where the solid condition of St. Louis' business was being commented upon.

General Jubal A. Early, noted ex-Confederate officer, arrived in the city to have his eyes treated.

The "Want Ad" columns of The Republic broke the records up to date.

An idea of the summer fashions from Paris may be gathered from the following description of a costume seen at one of the parks: "Skirts composed of alternating stripes of yellow satin, pink tulle and purple velvet, emblazoned with Australian parrots. Bonnet of sky blue straw, trimmed with two ripe and two unripe lemons, tied under the chin by one white and one scarlet string. Gloves of pale green, with cream colored shoes, covered with silver gauze, and parasol decorated with tulip petals, interspersed with a selection of tropical butterflies."